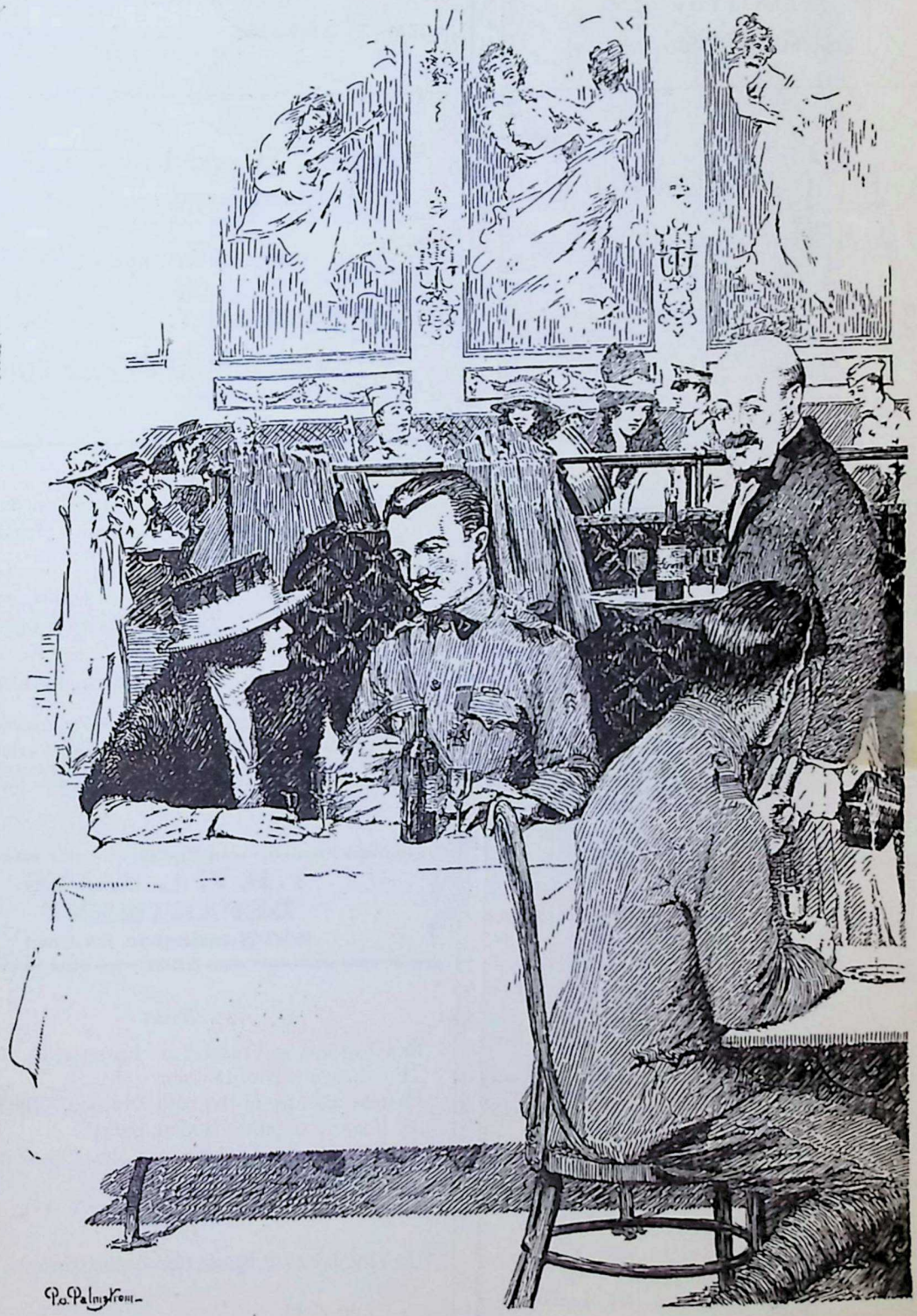
Yankee Doings

Vol. V Boston, Mass. November, 1924 No. 9



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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE W. TWOMBLY, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

THIS is

THE last time

POSITIVELY

WE shall mention

THE subject

EACH friend

OF yours

HAS twenty

FRIENDS

TO remember

ON Christmas.

HOW about

Y.D.V.A.

GREETING cards

AT one

FROGSKIN

FOR the

TWENTY?

WE thank you.

VERY LIGHT VERSE

By Fuller P. Nard

Now and then I get a hunch
For a jingle with a punch,
So I load my trusty corncob to the muzzle,
And I get all set to scribble
On a snappy line of dribble—
When I spot another pesky cross-word puzzle.

In the upper left-hand corner
Is a word denoting "honor",
The vertical is slang for "take the air";
Horizontal number three
Is "a college grad's degree".
Beside it is "a dressing for the hair".

Number five's "a common verb",
Number six "a tasty herb,
A tax on which brought on the Revolution".
Then "the opposite of merry";
Next, "a town in County Kerry".
By daybreak I've completed the solution.

—FULLER.

STATE MEMORIAL

Complete plans for a novel and comprehensive Memorial to the Massachusetts dead of all wars will be unfolded and discussed at a meeting to be held at the YD Club of Boston on Wednesday evening, November 19.

The meeting is under the auspices of the Greater Boston Unit, 104th Infantry Association, and is open to members of any unit of the Division or to anyone interested in the subject. A most interesting program has been arranged in conjunction.

Nothing commercial, no soliciting; but a business-like presentation of the biggest thing that any organization or state has yet attempted along the lines of a Memorial.

Come one, come all, and lend your counsel!

OCTOBER SMOKER

Competition by rallies, torch-light parades, etc., didn't make a dent in the attendance at the October Smoker. An excellent entertainment was furnished by Mr. Walter Henderson, Harry Lauder impersonator. In a timely debate on the proposed "Child Labor" Amendment, Mr. Sanford Bates upheld the affirmative and Russell A. Harmon the negative. As per usual, "a good time was had by all."

NOVEMBER SMOKER

The November Smoker will be held Friday evening, November 21. An unusually good program is planned. Don't miss it.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Last month little Pollyanna, our glad "pinch-hitter," served up this column. The menu was Roast Editor with Dressing a la Carte de Noel. Even as the good tree which putteth forth good fruit in its season, so glowed his words with sweetness and light. But—be it carved upon his tombstone—"He made a bum out of the editor. Greater glory hath no man."

* * * *

On the other hand, let it be said in his favor that were it not for his kind heart and willing hands there would be no DOINGS this month. The editorial anatomy developed a knock at a very crucial moment and our modest hero stepped into the breach. Result: DOINGS goes to press and the government at Washington still lives. We have no ideas to sell this month. But the month itself has a story to tell. We turn for inspiration to the calendar. Today is November 11.

* * * *

Armistice Day is not a holiday. For us it has no need to be. We remember it. The day the world went mad—or was restored to sanity; the end of all things—or the beginning anew; the most dramatic hour of history. The War had never begun: it could never end: it had always been. It was simply another world into which we had been thrust. Release could come only through some force which should remove us from it. But for the thing itself to cease—it could never happen.

* * * *

It did happen. The die had been cast. We had long known the choice. "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken" had been on our lips for months. Now the ballots were counted. It was Hoboken for those of us that were left.

* * * *

As we sat around the first evening bonfires in months, we wished we could be at home. How many now wish we had been? Boston saw scenes that day such as it will take the end of another war to reproduce. Bands played, people sang and danced in the streets, night was turned into day with red fire and electricity, wine flowed, but the intoxication was spiritual—the mad intoxication of joy.

* * * *

Yet out in the other world, the battered and scarred hillsides north of Verdun were dotted with campfires. The few remaining walls of blasted villages reflected back the Very flares,—yesterday instruments of destruction, today glorious toys. A belt from Switzerland to the sea our world extended, and we who were there saw things and felt emotions which no man living will see or feel again.

* * * *

Today tourists "visit the battlefields." I don't know what they see, I'm sure. At the close of the gigantic drama the stage was ours and ours alone.

ARMISTICE DAY

Death has called: "As you forget them
Give them back at least one day.
In the dark and silence let them
Know your thoughts are on the way.
Where the Meuse and Marne are flowing,
Where the Ourcq rides down the glen,
Let them start the day by knowing
One more glass is raised again.

"You have come to Six Years Later,
But for them Time is no more
As they sleep by pit and crater
On a shadow-haunted shore;
All they ask is one day charted
From the season's endless flow,
For the dead are simple-hearted—
I am Death and I should know.

"You have tarried in Life's Tavern
While they came to fading dreams
In the grim cross-guarded cavern
By the dim, dusk-haunted streams;
And you see the sunlight leaping
Where they found the end of day,
And the starless night came creeping
As they gave their youth away.

"One more cup—beyond the thunder
Of the guns that reek with rust;
One more pledge to those down under
Where their dreams are deep in dust;
And before you start forgetting
Let no sudden pity glow,
For the Dead have no regretting—
I am Death and I should know.

"They have found the silence dearer
Than the noise of crowded walls;
They have found that peace is nearer
Where the great World Mother calls;
And beyond the last tomorrow
They have found a fairer turn
From a greed and hate and sorrow
Of a breed that will not learn.

"One more cup—to pledge their valor
Where the eagle rules the crag,
Where they faced Death's graying pallor
For their country and their flag.
They have found the home light burning
With a gleam of long ago,
And the Dead are past all yearning,—
I am Death and I should know."

—GRANTLAND RICE.

GREETINGS

Business is rushing. We can't make a final report on the Greeting Card business, but here are a few comments, taken at random from the hundreds received:

"Like them so well that I want three more boxes for the family."

"Ten dollars enclosed. Send me nine more boxes."

"Thank you for giving me this opportunity of so easily securing my cards."

"They please me very much. I will tell others about them."

"Your idea is a good one. Send me another box. If desired, I will pass the word along to my friends."

"Great thought and taste have been shown in the selection, and I find them exceedingly satisfactory. The whole idea is a very great convenience. Someone had a very bright and helpful idea, and I wish you all success."

"The cards are very pretty."

"Am glad to have them on account of their extreme merit."

"Delighted with the cards. Please send me another box; very likely I shall want more later. I am glad to have these so early and shall take pleasure in showing them to my friends. With every good wish for your success in selling such attractive cards at so reasonable a price."

"Thank you for the opportunity of having so nice a collection of Christmas cards at such a low price."

"With pleasure. Send me another."

"Thank you very much for the chance to get good gift cards."

"These are a very attractive assortment. I think it is a fine plan, as everyone needs them."

"They are worth much more than you are asking for them."

"I call it a real bargain."

"We think they are extremely attractive and a good value."

"A very happy thought on your part. A fine selection and a great convenience."

"Thank you for helping to increase my laziness. The cards are beautiful, and I want another box."

"They are fine, and I want to thank you for taking a load off my mind."

"They should meet with the approval of all who see them. I shall take great pleasure in using them."

"Glad to get my Xmas cards with so little trouble."

"Reasonable and attractive."

"Well worth the money. Was certainly glad to get them."

"Exquisite assortment, and much appreciated by me."

"Much more than could be expected for the money."

"A dollar is a very inadequate return for the pleasure and satisfaction the box of cards has given me."

"My wife thinks they are worth at least two dollars."

"Most attractive."

"Cards and inscriptions are in very good taste."

"I am more than pleased with them. Not seeing well, it is difficult now for me to select any in the dark stores. Thank you for helping me in this way."

"This is a bargain."

"Excellent cards, and I appreciate having them on hand when wanted."

"Am pleased to have the cards and think your plan most satisfactory."

"Wonderfully attractive selection."

"Artistic, beautifully designed, tasteful."

"Exceedingly pretty and well selected."

"Pleasing and in excellent taste."

"You have saved me a dollar's worth of energy. Glad to see that the Y.D.V.A. isn't lacking in 'snappy salesmanship'."

"Excellent!"

"Congratulations to whoever selected the cards. It is a fine idea, and everyone will get value received."

"The value is excellent and the convenience of having them in the house at the right time is worth a great deal."

"They are a credit to the Association."

"Whoever is responsible for the idea deserves commendation."

"They are lovely."

"Will completely fill my needs for the holiday season."

"The wording is much better than the average in the down-town shops around holiday time."

"It is a home run!"

"I congratulate you upon the excellent quality and style. The wishes are especially appropriate and well expressed."

"They will save me much valuable time."

"Don't see how you can do it. Send me another box. I am a Civil War veteran; we never could do so well."

"The Association is doing a good service in offering an opportunity like this."

"Best wishes for the success of this advanced idea of a 'drive'."

"Fine quality and pleasing design."

"My compliments to your good taste. I should have had to pay several times as much, and to spend several hours selecting cards with as appropriate sentiments."

"In excellent taste, and will save me much trouble and fatigue."

"Some cards! Best I have seen for the money."

"The cards will solve my Christmas card problem completely."

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY

Hector and the Hens

You remember the time when we stepped out of the Chemin des Dames front just ahead of the Boche drive and the inconsiderate G.H.Q. dumped us all off at Brienne le Chateau with a few hundred kilos separating us from Toul, our next resting place?

You will recall that those were hard days for grub. No one expected that the Boche would make an end run through the Soissons territory, and most of the Allies were too busy keeping the line solid to bother about when and where we ate.

We stopped a few days at Brienne and thus the stage is set for Hec Flemming of the 103d F.A., Battery A, later of the Tank Corps, to contribute to the best laugh the battery had in weeks.

Hec started out vowing he would bring back enough eggs to make a full fledged omelet. He disdained calling for an interpreter and boldly advanced into the countryside armed with a pitifully few francs and a great desire for thirty two-egg omelets.

I had been in a neighboring village and arrived at a crossroads at which stood a small French farmhouse, just in time to see Hector enter the yard and engage the wizened old madame in conversation.

"Madame," said Hec, "donnez moi des eggs. Combien?"

"Pas compris," laconically replied this lady of France.

Then the war started. For the better part of fifteen minutes Hector tried in every possible way to convey to the old lady that he craved eggs, much eggs, lots of eggs, hens eggs and so on, ad infinitum. Nothing stirring. The old lady continued to signify that she did not understand what our Hector was driving at.

But Hec was not to be denied. He was resourceful. Then I was the unseen witness of the most peculiar spectacle. Great big Hector—weighing an even two hundred pounds, six feet three in his socks—with a look of wild desperation began to hop awkwardly and violently all around the yard, flapping his arms and squawking in a creditable imitation of a rooster. After an undetermined period, the old lady whose face plainly showed that she thought she was dealing with a lunatic, suddenly grasped the big idea.

"Ah, oui, oui, oui, oui," the words tumbled forth and she hastily disappeared around the corner of the house. She was gone for some ten minutes, returning then with two plump hens instead of the eggs which Hector so intensely wanted.

That was the end. Poor Hector's face lengthened and he passed blindly out of the yard, mumbling to himself and leaving the old lady staring after his retreating form in a mixture of blank astonishment and pained regret.

—BRUCE HARRINGTON, Chicago.

UNBREAKING THE NEWS

Clancy.—"Mrs. Murphy, yure son Mike has just fell off th' scaffolding and kilt himself."

Mrs. Murphy.—"Merciful hivins!"

Clancy.—"Aisy now! 'Tis only his leg that's bruk, an' it's glad you will be to hear it whin ye thought he was killed entoirely."

A. P. O. 709

GEORGE WIDINGHOFF (102d Amb. Co.) is a member of a scientific expedition now making a fifteen-month cruise in the tropics. His official capacity is as photo-microscopic expert. The party sailed from Miami on the "Adventure II" which will touch at Havana, Hayti, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Trinidad, Venzuela, and go up the Amazon.

EMIL MUNTZINGER, Convoy, Ohio, would like to hear from some of his old comrades of Battery E, 101st Field Artillery.

RALPH BEAN writes from St. Petersburg, Florida, that YANKEE DOINGS is just like money from home—only it lasts longer. Says that the other day he cranked his Ford and tried to start it, but instead of the Ford it was a rattlesnake that was rattling.

From Richmond, Va., GORDON S. FRESHNEY writes: "The cards were great; when the good old YD does anything, it does it right. We sure should have a monument in France to show what the Best Division of the A.E.F. thinks of the buddies it left behind. I am a long way from the Club, but always look forward to the next YANKEE DOINGS."

"Don't let me miss any DOINGS," writes HARRY W. BECKER, who is now a public service inspector for the city of Charlottesville, Va.

H. T. ROSENBERG writes from Seattle, Wash.: "That old longing for the YD cannot be broken by a small thing like a few thousand miles. My one wish is that some day I will be able to visit Boston and see some of my real friends again, pals that a fellow can really call his Buddies and be proud of it."

Guess that this month's marathon prize goes to L. F. COTIE, who writes from the American Consulate, Buenaventura, Columbia, to advise us that he has missed a copy of DOINGS.

JOHN J. J. MEAGHER (Co. C, 104th Inf.) writes from Brooklyn: "An old YD man I met at Fort Ethan Allen told me he had heard that the '101st gang' runs the works at the Club. I told him that from my visits there, whoever is running the Club is doing a darned good job."

GEORGE F. RICHARDSON (Batt. D, 103d F. A.) was married last April to Miss Doris Fowler and they live at 11 Shaw St., Lebanon, N. H. He is in government forestry work and would like to hear from some of his old outfit, also to welcome any YD man passing that way.

WILLIAM C. LOUIS (101st Am. Tr.) dropped into the Club the other day while on a trip over the road from New York. He would like to get in touch with any YD men in New York City. His address is 1613 E. 23d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mamma.—"Where have you been, Johnnie?"

Small boy.—"Playing ball."

Mamma (severely).—"But I told you to beat the rug, didn't I?"

Small Boy.—"No, ma'am, you told me to hang the rug on the line and then to beat it."

Back Through Old Sectors (VIII)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

I had a long journey that day, stopping over a few hours at Gruyeres where Baedeker says everybody ought to stop, "One of the oldest towns in Switzerland and has persistently resisted the march of progress for centuries." Although it may not have been progressive, it was at least clean. Each house was neatly whitewashed, some in pink or blue. Flower boxes were in every window. It was a most agreeable sight. The town is built after the old feudal custom, on top of a steep hill with only one path up to it from the plain below. All the houses face on one large plaza, and the duke's castle with its great gloomy gray walls and turrets and small slit windows is at the end.

I am pretty well fed up on old castles, but took new interest in this one as I followed the French guide up the stone passages and dark stairways to the Duke's chamber, where his bed still stands with other quaint furniture of his day—whenever it was. I did not ask for any dates. I am tired of hearing dates and figures quoted. Out of the narrow windows one looked down a sheer cliff over the broad valley of Gruyeres where the famous cheese is made. I did not go to the factories as I was not interested in smells. Old castles are bad enough, but old cheese is a morbid sense.

When I went to pay the guide I was most embarrassed. I really should have been more careful but I found that I had not enough to pay his small fee. Here I was in the oldest town with nothing but American Express checks. I felt rather sheepish as I told the young man that I would go out and try to get some money and that he could come with me. But the French, as everybody knows, are excellent in politeness and he said it would not be necessary.

I went out with faint hope and saw on a door "Poste." I knocked—not daring to believe they had ever heard of an American Express check. A little old woman came to the door, recognized the check immediately and cashed it without more words. The town that had "persistently resisted the march of progress" was doing well. On the other hand, think of an American business concern whose currency will be honored at the ends of the earth.

That night I reached Thun at one end of the Thunner Sea. A fellow traveler, one who was familiar with the town, showed me to one of those rare old hotels which the casual visitor never finds,—and when you do find it, you mustn't tell everybody. A homey atmosphere of refinement and exclusiveness, a cheerful fire—for it had been raining—and my room was all that could be desired. It overlooked extensive grounds with shade trees and gardens. Flowers bloomed everywhere.

Not much is made of breakfast. A maid laid a table for me on the terrace and then brought delicious coffee and rolls and honey on a silver tray. She said a few words in German, which I did not catch, and then left me to myself to enjoy the peace of a glorious Sunday morning.

I bethought myself of church, the proper thing to do on Sunday. I copied the address on a piece of paper and went about the streets showing it to people that passed. Only German is spoken and I could in no way pronounce the name.

It was a lot of fun to see what the different ones would do when I shoved my paper in front of them without a word. Some, perhaps, thought I was begging and brushed by without looking or eyed me suspiciously. Others were kindly attentive and sent me off in the wrong direction. But I finally did get there and listened—or rather sat—through a service all in German.

One traveling can't spend much time just enjoying the luxuries of a hotel, and I left this one with regret as I moved off across the lake of Thun.

I knew this trip was to be a grand sight, the lake losing itself in the midst of towering mountains, so I decided to be a sport and go first-class, forgetting my former experiences. I ought to have been wise to that "class" stuff by that time, but was stung again. The first class was, as usual, at the back of the boat and I got a seat behind the smokestack with a good view of the pilot house. But I went back and hollered, and I hollered so loud that they were glad to give me a second class ticket and I went to the front of the boat and sat with the mob.

I met lots of Englishmen in my travels about, and I picked an argument with every one I saw about the Ruhr and asked why they didn't let France alone. The Englishmen over there are entirely different from the ones we meet in the States. I found them all excellent. They have a bad habit of saying everything is "topping," but I suppose they can't help that. That's what makes them English.

At the front of the boat were some that I proceeded to get acquainted with in the same old way. They never get angry. They all try to defend their views, but the only good excuse I found was their own unemployment problem which had reached a deplorable state.

My experience with Englishmen in America had led me to believe they were retiring, uncompanionable and snobbish. These were the exact opposite,—asked me to go to their hotel and treated me like an old friend. And when the boat landed at Interlaken each one carried part of my baggage—even my overcoat that I always had with me—and left me going up the gangplank with my arms swinging. They wanted me to climb the Jungfrau with them, but I had been rescued from this sort of thing once and decided that the funicular was good enough for me.

The Jungfrau is mostly a gradual ascent and requires endurance rather than skill; besides it's cold and covered with snow as I found next day when I had neglected to bring my overcoat. I was glad to sit in the pleasant restaurant and do my looking, when up the trail came a picture book character—Martin Blumel—a young German mountain climber.

Barefooted and bareheaded, his only clothing was a green jerkin and a pair of short pants. I ran out and tried to talk to him but, of course, neither could understand the other.

A kindly bystander agreed to interpret. I was hugging

my clothes around me and wishing for my overcoat and here was this boy with almost nothing on but a generous grin which covered him with friendliness. He was going to Lucerne; so was I, but he was going to walk and we parted as if we had been friends a long time.

I shivered as I saw him go tramping sturdily down. It was almost a blizzard up there, and over one of the ledges an avalanche fell. One is not always fortunate enough to see one.

The little car soon took us down below the cold zone where the sheep and cows and goats grazed on such steep slopes that I wondered why they did not go sliding down,—all with little tinkling bells around their necks giving music to the pleasant scene.

YD AUXILIARY

The YD Auxiliary booth at Uncle Sam's Market Place, offering for sale miscellaneous articles, was a large factor in the enormous success of the fete, contributing toward the general fund a total of $800. The untiring efforts and enthusiasm of the committee were greatly appreciated by the Executive Committee.

Mrs. C. G. Francis acted as chairman and Mrs. Will F. Lawrence as vice-chairman.

Mrs. Allen Smith had charge of the utility group and Mrs. M. L. Anderson of the cooked food. Mrs. Samuel Landon presided over the new and second-hand bookstall. Mrs. Seth Taylor sold the bags, while Mrs. Charles T. Nicoll acted as chairman of the aprons. Mrs. Annie L. Norris was in charge of baskets, and the candy and nuts were dispensed by Mrs. W. W. Wade.

Mrs. W. F. Lawrence was chairman of the grocery table with its attractive display of Monarch goods, generously contributed by the Reid, Murdock Company.

Mrs. Frank Taney of Groton was chairman of the jellies, pickles and preserves group.

Mrs. Leonard W. Snape had charge of the decorations, while Mrs. Howard Gale and Mrs. Wayland Minot alternated as treasurers.

The regular monthly sewing meeting was held on October 22.

HARVEST BAZAAR

On Saturday, November 22, the Auxiliary will hold a Harvest Bazaar at the YD Clubhouse from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. The following is a list of committees as received to date from the Group chairmen:

Candy and nuts: Mrs. Minnie Ryder, *chairman;* Mrs. M. W. Jeffrey, Mrs. Will F. Lawrence and Miss Faustina Wade.

Useful and fancy articles: Mrs. Alfred Snape, *chairman,* Mrs. Maurice J. Drale, Mrs. Alice Ferguson, Mrs. Howard Gale, Mrs. Charles T. Nicoll, Mrs. Leonard W. Snape and Mrs. Annie Travis.

Dance: Mrs. Lawrence DeCane, *chairman,* Mrs. A. T. Buswell, Mrs. Alfred Lang, Mrs. Anna McKenna and Miss Marjorie Plunkett.

YD club members: Mr. George Twombly, Mr. James Cresswell, Mr. Russell Francis, Mr. James Hawkins and Mr. James Lynch.

Decorations: Mrs. Leonard Snape.

Den of mystery: Mrs. Wayland M. Minot, *chairman.*

Cooked food: Mrs. Allen Smith, *chairman.*

Mrs. C. G. Francis is general chairman in charge.

A delicious supper will be served from 5.30 to 7.30 P.M., after which dancing with a splendid orchestra will be enjoyed.

There will be no admission during the day. Tickets for supper, including the dance, 75 cents. For the dance alone, 50 cents.

YD BOWLING LEAGUE

	Won	Lost	Pin Fall
ENGINEERS	3	1	1328
104TH INFANTRY	3	1	1289
101ST INFANTRY	1	3	1272
101ST ARTILLERY	1	3	1260

101ST INFANTRY	Pin Fall	Average
Kelley	229	76⅓
Birmingham	259	86⅓
Bogle	258	86
Welsh	259	86⅓
Sousa	267	89

ENGINEERS		
Page	265	88⅓
Botsford	253	84⅓
Day	255	85
Watson	250	83⅓
Beckett	305	101⅔

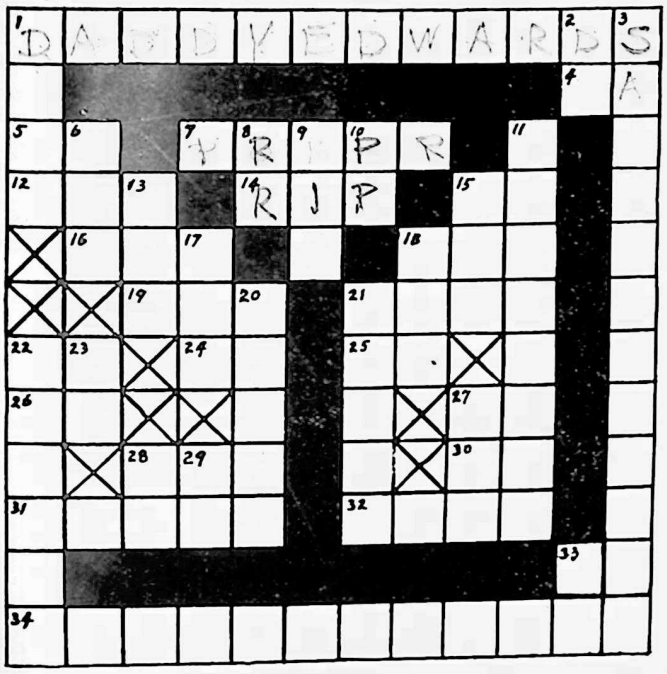
104TH INFANTRY		
Saunders	247	82⅓
Morrell	285	95
Emery	258	86
Kibby	242	80⅔
Weyland	257	85⅔

101ST ARTILLERY		
Fergerson	242	80⅔
Yuyll	246	82
Leonardi	282	94
Lilleback	240	80
McCauley	250	83⅓

BECKETT: High single, 115; three strings, 305.
ENGINEERS: High team single, 479.
ENGINEERS: High three-string team total, 1328.

GET YOUR PENCIL

We are slipping. Up to the present, this magazine has never knowingly uttered a cross word. We may never again. That depends upon how many cross-word fans we have among our distinguished readers. Try this one,—it's a cinch. Then work up one yourself and send it in. We'll print it. We'll even try to solve it. (Solution next month).



HORIZONTAL WORDS

1. The Old Man
4. First spoken word of YD Junior
5. Famous pills
7. The best-known game
12. They peel the spuds
14. On our tombstone
15. The ends of a Zeppelin
16. Diary of a ship
18. The overseas outfit
19. What stragglers do
21. Your favorite Association
22. Doughnut dispensers
24. Thus
25. Army Corps (abbr.)
26. Origin of the 26th
27. Stand to (abbr.)
28. Guns, ammunition, etc. (abbr.)
30. Enlisted Reserve (abbr.)
31. What G.H.Q. apparently consisted of
32. What YANKEE DOINGS is here to do
33. Branch (abbr.)
34. First act of a draftee

VERTICAL WORDS

1. Bridgeport's leading citizen
2. A chaplain's degree
3. Our secretary, "Sandy"
6. Squad leader (abbr.)
8. Chemin de Fer (English abbr.)
9. We took it when discharged (slang)
10. Petite Post (abbr.)
11. Backbone of the army
13. Army phrase meaning luckless
15. Well-known race horse
17. Worse than bullets
18. Aid de Camp (abbr.)
20. The YD had them (slang)
21. Our nickname
22. One "Bill" popular at the YD Club
23. Adjutant General (abbr.)
27. We crossed it twice
28. Observation post (abbr.)
29. Royal Engineers (abbr.)
33. Short for "Hobo"

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

DOINGS would be glad to receive stories from its readers of how their Christmas was spent in 1917 or 1918. These stories, if received, will be printed in the December number. Did you make gifts to some little French youngsters? How about your own boxes from home? Let's hear about it.

USE THE NOODLE

It doesn't seem to do a bit of good to advise people to use the old bean. All of us appear to be like the fellow who was learning to drive the new car. After he got it started he couldn't stop it and he zig-zagged up a boulevard at fifty miles an hour. Fortunately he quickly ran out of gas and a motorcycle cop caught up with him.

"Say!" yelled the cop, "what do you mean by speeding along here like a mad man? You'll kill somebody. Why in blazes don't you use your noodle?"

"Noodle?" gasped the man. "Where in heck is the noodle? I pushed and pulled and jiggered every darn thing on the dash-board, and I tell you no noodle goes with this boat."

CONGRATULATIONS

HAROLD J. McCLUTCHY (Med. Det., 103d F. A.) was married on October 13 to Miss Sabina Atkinson of Somerville, Mass.

R. E. LITTLEFIELD (Am. Tr.) announces the arrival of a son, John Carpenter, on October 19, at West Lebanon, N. H.

FRANK L. TIBBETTS (Hq. Co., 101st F. A.) announces a daughter, Anna Florence born September 26, at Arlington, Mass. Nine pounds

HARRY A. WORCESTER of West Swanzey, N. H., reports a seven pound girl, born September 2.

PRELIMINARIES

"When I 'its a man 'e remembers it."
"When I 'its a man 'e don't."

ENGINEER ENTRIES

BUZZINGS OF "B"

Announcing the arrival of Donald Mason Wells, October 25, 1924. Weight, 9¼ pounds F. O. B. bedside.

"PORKY" FLYNN is at Hannibal, care of Burns & McDonnell.

"WEE ROBBIE" MACMILLAN is in and about Boston now. He was recently promoted by the Standard Oil Company to the Management of the Cambridge and Metropolitan District. Coming here from Brockton, he's not quite so "wee" as he uster was.

WESLEY HAWKES showed up at the smoker. He sure looks like a million dollars. He almost owns the firm, by the looks.

FRANK HANLON was at the smoker but brother George was among the missing.

"DAN" BOONE and JOHN GOOD attended the smoker as usual. The only night "Dan" can get out and drag John with him is for the monthly smoker. "Dan" wears a large smile, for he figures his boss will be the next Governor. John says "there's many a slip, etc."

"DAVE" KURRIS is sure looking plump—must weigh two hundred. He is in the wool business. Better take a "five line add" in the DOINGS, "Dave."

HOWARD FRYE drove all the way down from Lawrence just to be in on the smoker and there are some of you birds within five miles of the Club who are too lazy to show up. Most of you fellows are a great bunch of ground-hogs—with the sun shining extra bright.

We heard sad news about young "SPIKE" COLLINS—erstwhile cook. He has been adjudged, temporarily at least, mentally incapacitated. We hope "Tinker" Tredenick or Louis Davis will do what they can for him. He lives or lived up their way. Drop us a line as to where and who he is.

It was pretty tough to start this column this month with the announcement of the death of two of our good old buddies. Poor old "Red" Nugent was drowned at Magazine Beach, Cambridge. "Red" will be remembered by all the Company for his oratorical powers on our first Christmas in France. "Red" or "Bill" as he was also called, had a "heart as big as the world," and no matter what you needed or what you wanted "Red" was always eager to give you what he had and lend you a helping hand. At the Front he was absolutely fearless, and played the game like a "regular." He was buried in Melrose Cemetery, Brockton.

GEORGE DYER was the victim of accidental death. He was buffing a piece of steel when the belting caught it, striking him on the head and killing him almost instantly. George was one of the quietest and most effective workers for old "B" that we ever had. He was given a military funeral by the American Legion Post No. 44, Roxbury. "Pop" Holloway, John Good, "Dan" Boone, Louis Davis and Vernon Hitchins were honorary pall bearers. Funeral services were held at St. James Episcopal Church and interment was at Forest Hills.

The 211th Anti Air Craft Battalion (1st Corp Cadets), Colonel Landon commanding, held their usual Veterans' Day at Plum Island, near New London. The regiment was well represented by "B" Veterans. "Kimmie," Howard Frye, "Curley" Norris and "Pop" Holloway vouch for it that they were treated royally. Captain Paul Preston's battery (having previously won the prize for the best drilled Battery in the Battalion) was given the honor of putting on Guard Mount for the benefit of the visitors. They sure put on a wonderful exhibition. They were dressed in the old First Corps uniform of blue trousers, white coats and hats with the cocked feathers. One received a real thrill out of the exhibition for it took one's memories back ten years, to the days when locker No. 67 was our own and in it hung the same style uniform so well displayed by these chaps. Monstrat Viam.

It is the spoken word of some and the silent thought of others that it is about time old "B" had a party. Three years now since the last one. That is a disgrace and shows inertia in a bunch of former spellbinders and world-beaters. We are therefore going to announce in advance that "B" Company is to have another party—details to be radiocast later. We welcome suggestions.

CAPERS OF "C"

C Company lost a good friend and staunch comrade when "BOB" TURNEY (Robert H.) passed away at his home in West Roxbury on October 13th from the result of injuries received at Bernecourt, the day that Pat Coyne and Jim Shannon were killed in 1918. The funeral was held at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in West Roxbury and eleven of the men of the old Company were present. Bob was a strong booster for the C Company Association, a friend of every man in the outfit, and his going casts a sadness over all who knew him.

So far as known, Bob Turney and Johnnie Murphy are the only two of the men that have gone beyond since our return in 1918.

ALLEN LYNDELL is on his honeymoon and can be reached at 2802 West 8th Street, Los Angeles, California. Congratulations.

HOWARD STANLEY is at 4218 Lockwood Ave., Los Angeles, in the automobile supply business. Charlie Stinson was with him a few months ago.

JACK TENNEY is reported to have fallen heir to a large fortune and is living the life of Reilly.

HARRY AINSCOW is married, has a small daughter, and is in the plumbing supply business in Nashua, N. H. He can be found at 3 Faxon Ave.

Has anybody seen JOHN ALVITI? He is reported to live at 6 Charter St., Boston.

BILL CRUIKSHANK is now manager of the Boston Branch of Armour & Co. Andy Kehoe is driving for him.

PHIL LOCKWOOD is a bond salesman for the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston.

EARL CLOUGH is the Boston representative of R. Hudnot & Co., and lives at 311 Charles River Road, Cambridge.

JOHN FERGUSON is married and living at 65 Warren St., Needham. He is still making slippers at Roxbury.

HAROLD HEALD has just returned from his honeymoon, visiting France and England and going over much of the ground we covered in 1917 and 1918.

CHARLIE MOBERG is on the Boston Fire Dept. and is stationed at Engine 16, Temple St., Dorchester.

RAYMOND H. McAULEY was married on October 13th to Miss Madeline Kodad at West Medford, Mass. After a trip through Canada, they will make their home in Kingston, N. Y.

A nine pound girl was born to Mrs. WILLIAM A. CONNOLLY on October 13th. This makes three.

Again we say, if C men want any representation under "Capers" they have got to send in news items to any member of the committee or to the secretary, C. W. Harris, 44 State St., Boston.

DOINGS OF "D"

Our former Photographer SCOTT spent part of the summer at Rockport and while there had an exhibition of his drawings in one of the stores. They were excellent and received high mention from many prominent artists.

LYMAN LEHRBURGER was passing out the cigars in September in appreciation of the arrival of a baby son.

AL. HENDERSON has gone and built his bride a new house in Milford. Did a great deal of the work himself in his spare time.

GUY MESSENGER is now in Springfield connected with some publicity work , we hear.

BOB WITHERELL was back from South America for a two months vacation. He likes it there very much but may stay in Boston on account of his wife's health.

Congratulations to ROBERT YOUNG in his being Vice-President of the B. J. Baker & Co.

SLIM EDWARDS has formed a construction company and is building houses in Dorchester.

R. W. DAVIS, our old acting top, almost got away with Carroll Swan's new hat at the Armory, but Swan beat him to the door and recovered it.

R. K. ELDRIDGE is still selling cars for the Wills Sainte Clair Co.

OSCAR BOHLIN is making good with his new job. Three raises in five months.

L. H. SCHNEIDER, our old cook, is working on the night shift for the Boston Elevated. His wife's sister has joined them from France.

ECHOS OF "E"

TOMMY WIGGIN was married September 4th at Buxton, Maine, to a young lady by the name of Hill——three good old "E Co." names for you!

CHARLIE PARMENTER is starting his second year at Colby—then he plans to spend two years at the School of Mines at the University of Pittsburgh, taking a course of petroleum production and geology. When he is discharged from college he ought to be a real engineer.

The following birds have migrated: CHARLIE HURTER to 39 Clarke Street, Lexington, where he has bought a house. CHARLIE BATEMAN to 22 Whittier Rd., Newtonville. FRED CAMPBELL has moved into his new house at East Milton. He had the misfortune to step on a nail which makes him limp for a while. He forgot that he did not have on his old hob-nails when he went rummaging around his new domicile. JOHN BUZZELL is married and is living at Vane Street, Norfolk Downs.

JOHN FOLEY says that he sees Munson once in a while. He thinks he lives in a town after which a well-advertised cigarette may get its name—Chesterfield.

ENGINEERS' WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The Annual Bazaar of the 101st U. S. Engineers' Welfare Association will be held at the First Corps Cadet Armory, Columbus Ave., Saturday, December 13, from 2.30 to 11 P.M. Supper from 5.30 to 7.30, 50 cents. Dancing from 8 to 11 P.M., 50 cents. Come and buy your Christmas gifts. All money earned by the Association helps the welfare of disabled soldiers.

In September a Dollar Day was held at the home of Mrs. Geo. Parsons, Brighton, Mass. The ladies were supposed to earn a dollar or more through the summer vacation and tell how they earned it. Mrs. Parsons, who is the widow of the late Colonel Parsons, served a delicious lunch with forty-seven seated at the tables. Ninety-six dollars were realized and everyone present voted it a huge success. Also to be an annual affair.

A Lunch and Bridge at the Demonstration Shop on Boylston Street, in October, netted the treasury of the Association $23.00.

TAPS

DOWE ELLIS McMATH, formerly captain 101st Ammunition Train, died November 4, 1924, at Syracuse, N. Y. He was given a military funeral where the YD was represented by his former orderly and Lieut. Robert B. Dickson who live in Syracuse.

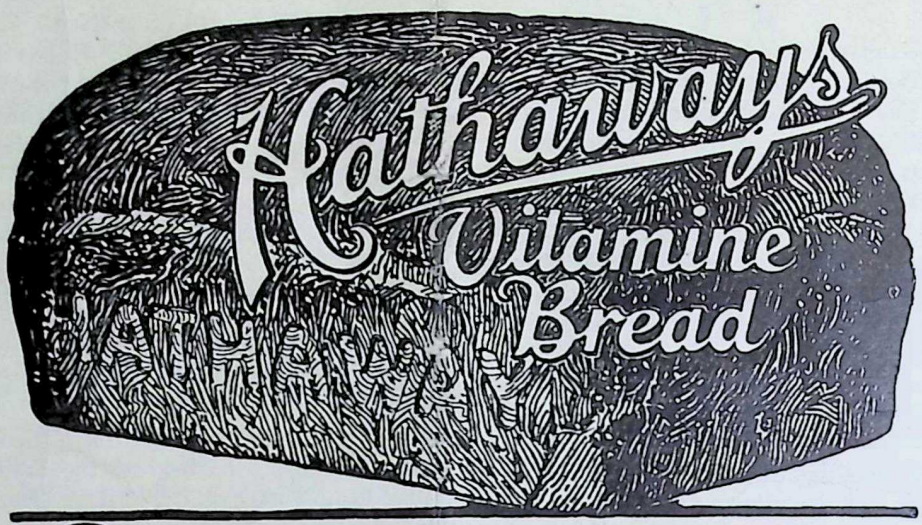
HENRY CABOT LODGE

In the death of Henry Cabot Lodge, senior senator from Massachusetts, veterans of the World War have lost a loyal, sympathetic and untiring friend.

Only those close to him in his last months are fully aware of the torrent of criticism and abuse brought down upon him by his support of Adjusted Compensation, and of his willingness to bear it silently in the consciousness that he was performing a simple act of justice to those he had voted to send into war.

"Massachusetts smote and broke the heart of her idol, Webster, then broke her own over his grave."

The veteran, at least, will not forget.



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